

I. **Sister Lovers (from When You
Bit...)**



Three Sets of Teeth

'Three sets of teeth: who
can check for cavities?
A three-way circuit: who
will start the striptease?
'Three lovers in three ways:
how merrily the dance
begins. We spin, we spin,
we forget our instincts,
anima, the part of teeth
that cuts. We are sluts.
'There is an "I" here that
stands for all of us, but
its eyes are shut. Sleep
lulls it to rest, not think. Or speak.

A Web, A World, Wide

You and you: more than
acquainted. You stand up
next to each other, knock
back tequila shots, scope
out cowboy belted dudes.
You're well acquainted w
velvet-handed touches,
window-pane lizards. Then
I blow into town, rugged
as a slick-booted rancher,
hard as Japanese math. I
show off rope-length for
your amusement: something's
spun: a web, a world, wide.

Salt Orchard

Oh to be between
two startled deer
on a bus, one bare-
backed, one shut-
eyed, both blue.
Oh exquisite torture.
One's more
mermaid than
deer, salt orchard.
One cannot
get too laid.
I take off my
boots, both say
shoot, shoot.

In the Street

Orgasmic Furniture Cellar.
OFC, bar-back, bare-back,
Guyville. Toast: to circles.
Then stand against a wall
in an alley, paw-slide, drip,
listen to car-screech as we
taste the first spoils tingle.
Couples leave: we laugh,
being more, being three.
Throw down a butt: it's
a red flower dropped, a
filled cup, I'm your butt.
Mouths: scotch-tang, I'm
eating scotch. Let's scoot.

Apartment: Pizza Guy

Apartment: I'm lost.
Here a bed, there a
bed: no everywhere.
Scattered butts hang.
Couch: seat between
two, silk-skirted, red.
Blood on tracks left
on coats, racks, bed-
spreads, cool, kempt.
Vibe: pulsing wants.
Sandwich, mayo me,
white-out, come age.
Hey, you and you: do
I look like a pizza guy?

Big Black Car

Your middle: tongue
(hers), man (me), riding
together, I bitch (middle's
middle). I tongue man
you, her, spacious, it, of
you, all of us, can't feel
a nothing, I can't. Not
of this, of you, of her,
of all of this riding, in
what looks big, black,
has tongue-room. I
can't feel a thing. I feel
nothing of bigness, black
fur interior her you. Ride.

Bathtub

Syntactic inversion, when
applied to three lovers, is
a bathtub forced to hold
more than it needs to. I
want to emphasize this:
at no point did I touch
both at once. In fact, if
you take a way a rogue-
red surface, how dismal:
soap, bubbles, razors, &
a bunch of drunken limbs.
Not much ecstasy. Fog in
mirrors meant confusion,
not consummation. Or come.

Charnel Smoke

We're no holy trinity—
our mouths full of glass-
bits stained red, altars set
up to hold limbs heaved
over each other, cement-
thick, drizzled on, wisps
of charnel smoke rising
in clumps of sodden ash.
Resurrection is just more
sex, incarnation guessed
dimly, owing to jolts in
groins groined like earth.
I say "love", what comes?
Nothing but wine, bodies.

Downs

Round two, night, too:
rubber off, rubber soul,
knee-bounce, they take
turns taking it, & me, in
where shadow-plays go.
Sheets: washed. Pillows:
put up for my head, as
she leans in, hands on
my ass, as bounces her
other, as I am hollow,
as this is a perfect void.
As this is, as things go,
a thing for the Internet.
I am ghosted: house of undoing.

Sunday Morning

Dawn: two down, one up.
I'm a blown-out tire, limp,
scuttling to roadside diners,
sipping coffee alone, both
hungers hung like posters
in chill blood-contours,
sputtered past me, paste.
I took them on in haste,
so close behind me they
lay, laid, lying in wait to
do it all again, leave me
without a pump, means
of being full. I feel dull.
Memento mori means eggs.

Sunny Afternoon

Wicker Park coffee bar:
I'm stirred, ill-starred, I
sit surrounded. Bounds
the deer, straight into a
headlight: two, bright. I
hang on one more cup,
rapping to a sylph that
hovers above: *save me*
from this squeeze, tracks
on my knee. She stirs
me more. I spoon #2
better, who's on a cell
phone date even as we
speak: *talk to me*. Please.

Back of a Car

Asinine, as is, this ass is:
ass I zip down into zero:
anal, a null, a void, this is.
I'm behind a behind that
sits smoking, rubbing, pink-
tipped, tender, butt, button.
She watches me watching as
I go brown-nose in another.
Only *her car-ness*, averted by
eyes to a wall, seems happy.
Only she can stomach rubs
of the kind that want plugs.
Sparked tank, here comes
no come, & aggravation.

Grudge-Fucks

This, crazy, water-leakage:
I slip-slide away into you,
out of you, into her, out of
her, we're oil-slicked birds
squawking out minor-key
laments for lost closure. I
hang on the end of clothes-
lines: I'm ten sheets, each
dripped w grease, blood,
butter, milk, a catalogue of
epic grudge-fucks. Not that
anyone has come. Each kiss
is a suicide Jack in a game:
sixty-nine innings. No draw.

Cocaine Gums

I ache: dull, sharp,
in a heap of paper.
All paper: picture,
bright, bold, dark.
I have nailed you
to a piece: black.
I darken touched
things: I'm used.
I write you, you,
you, as if kissed
by a fresh body,
rose-petal bliss.
I drowse: numb
as cocaine gums.

Blue Monday

Inside out, upside-down,
round & round. Now it's
cyber, in screen-space, our
dance is, on the Net, it is.
A post posted post-haste.
I'm a cipher, propping up
a pungent myth, academic
feminists might go for. I
sit alone, screened, screams
churning in guts, undone.
Group grope blog bloke,
that's me, player in three,
fuck in words cuts too, I
& you two, cut & pasted.

Framed

Nailed, two, across— I
have been glimpsing me
from above, as a camera
would, I am a still, this
is a film, this has to be
framed, no, don't hold,
I can't, it's an offstage
arm, both you & you
speak like I'm (so) not
here, I'm celluloid, I'm
varicose, vein-soft, fake-
bloody, cut, I can't move,
you & you & I minted,
taped, uncensored, dead.

Gun Shy

How much can I?
Far from gun-shy,
I load, loaded, you.
I did, and you, too.
You and you come.
You took me. You
slicked come to run.
I'm bled, come too.
Awake, shaky, bed:
gun set red to stun.
Get myself ahead.
Get myself my gun.
How much gun for
three in love? None.

Tuesday

Yesterday don't matter:
it's gone. Now: cut. I'm
aghast. You're there, or,
you're here with me. No
car in sight. Sunset over
Millennium. Big bean is
accomplice. Look at the
big blue water: it's us, &
us alone, together, here,
now, acid-peaking sans
acid. Macro hand-holds.
Micro lip-twists. Simple:
I'm learning it these days.
One on one: game, play.

Dear Prudence

I nail this down in verse
for one reason: pleasure
is an oasis in a desert of
fruitless labor, that is our
writing-place. This is
as valid as plucking fallen
leaves in a crisp October
dusk. In other words, I
was given cranium, on
many levels, drawn out
into an outpouring, she
made sure, I gasped out
a dying fall, convergence
occurred. Sue me, dear prudence.

Just You

Don't choose two:
I choose you, I do.
I choose to do you,
I choose to be you
in different places,
I am taking you too.
Two is too much, is
too little, is butter to
milk shakes. Makes
sense to choose, it's
the best I can do, I
have no other mood,
moments are you, &
just you, too: just you.